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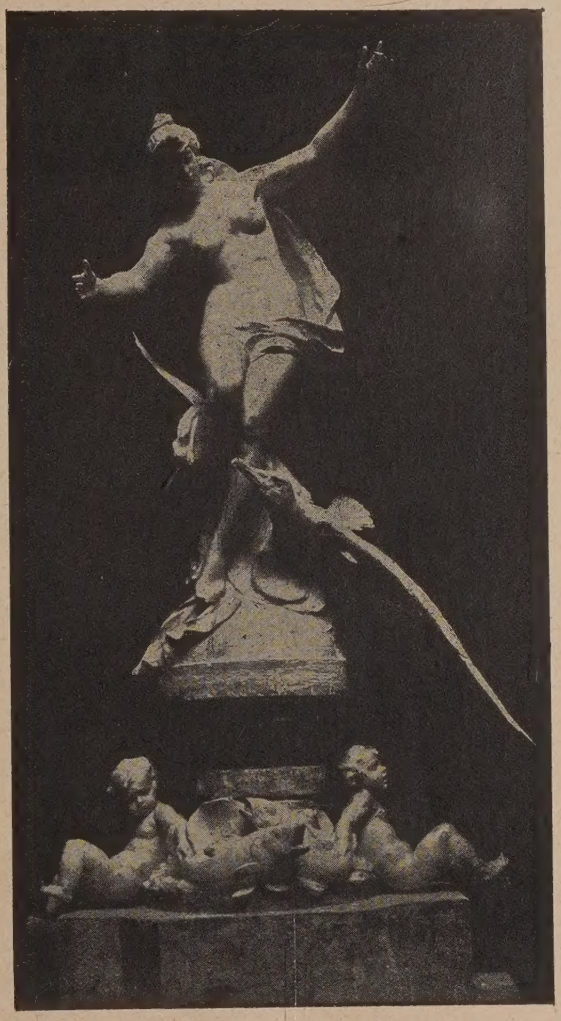
VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, JUNE 23, 1904. NUMBER 17



SPIRIT OF THE PACIFIC.
BY ISIDORE KONTI.
In the Cascade Gardens, St. Louis Exposition.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Notes 259
The Great Defense—WILLIAM BRUNTON 260
A Political Platform That Would Be Worth While 260
All Gone—*Ione L. Jones* 261
A Man—*Emily Dickinson* 262
To An Oriole—*Edgar Fawcett* 262
The Enduring—*James Whitcomb Riley* 262
The Eyes of Hawthorne.—*Edith M. Thomas* 262
The Personal Ideal In Philanthropy—*Lillie Frothingham Martin.*

PAGE.

THE PULPIT.
What Shall I Do to Be Saved?—JENKIN LLOYD JONES. 263

THE STUDY TABLE.
The Place of Christianity—E. HARRINGTON 266
Notes—E. P. P. 267

Higher Living XLIII.—SMITH BAKER, M. D. 267

THE FIELD.
LaSalle—*Selected* 269
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 269

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1904. NUMBER 17

Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire?—Thackeray.

The Stroboscope must be one of the latest inventions; it is meant to magnify time as the microscope magnifies space. Would not this be a good thing for Chicago people? But then we would probably be just as much worried if every minute were made to contain 5 x 60 seconds. For further particulars see *Literary Digest,* June 18.

The *Christian Life* (London), tells a pretty story of how Archdeacon Madden found a sermon text in the way his little boy banged the Venetian blinds above his head, while he chanted, "Let the sun shine in." That was a happy hit for the Archdeacon, but we fear it is not always so, even with such a homiletic mind as this brother seems to possess. We fear that a boy's banging overhead mars more sermons than it makes.

Egypt is, after all, not wholly given over to mummies and monuments. According to the *Literary Digest* of June 18, a new thing under the sun seems to have happened in that most conservative quarter of the globe. A mule has given birth to a foal. This seems to be a record-breaker and the last ditch; the forlorn hope of the anti-Darwinian has received a shock, to say the least. This colt of a mule may well rival the pyramid and beat the sphinx. This colt is to be watched.

The Methodist Bishop Warren, of Denver, Colorado, in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of June 8, makes a happy contribution to our English vocabulary. He who gives us a new word, goes far either towards giving us a new idea or giving added clearness to an old idea. He says that our greatest need today is for a "Theoscope," which will enable us to see God. This instrument of the heart will enable the soul to find "God pavilioned in every splendor, breathed in every rose, and all nature will sing his boundless love."

"Will Japan Become Christian?" "Is the Theologian Disappearing?" "Conditional Fatherhood of God"; "The Great Delusion of our Time"; "A Reaction towards Mysticism," and "A Clerical Campaign Against Divorce" are the suggestive and tempting topics in the "Religious World Department" of the *Literary Digest* of last week. Happy indeed is the "religious paper," technically so-called, that in one week can touch the life of soul and the superlative interests of humanity in so many vital points and in such a suggestive way as is done here. We are glad to reiterate here what we often say elsewhere, that the *Literary Digest* is one of the most valuable of our *religious* exchanges. When the religious paper can successfully escape the trammels of a denomination and the limitations of its adjective, then indeed will it become truly religious and ever interesting.

In the *Congregationalist* for the 18th of June, Edward E. Bradley touches the heart of every true parent in an article on "A Father's Ideal for his Boy of Twelve." Up to this age Mr. Bradley thinks "a boy can better get the education he needs by doing things rather than by studying about them." He touches the boy's religion, on which we commented last week. He says:

> "I want my boy to have a child's understanding of sacred things and reverence for them. I want him to know the stories of the Old Testament that describe the lives and deeds of the great characters of Hebrew history, and the most important events in the life of our Lord. I want him to be able to repeat from memory several hundred Bible verses, including some of the psalms and also a few of the great hymns of the church. I want Sunday, while laying restraint upon work and play, to bring its own happy occupations, different from the rest of the week, yet having their own interest. The day will bring its duties as well as other days, including attendance with the family at church and Sunday-school. * * * In a word, let the boy grow up in an atmosphere of honor, affection and reverence, and we may reasonably trust that filial piety in the home will lead in due time into filial piety toward the Father in heaven."

The month of June is the month of reunions, educational and military. Perhaps of all the meetings of alumni and veterans, the most pathetic is the national coming together of the veterans of the southern army, representatives of the lost cause, the remnant of the Confederate host that from '61 to '65 met the loyal hosts of the north with bayonets and bullets for the stars and stripes under which they now rally. The recent encampment of the Confederate veterans brought together thirty thousand at Nashville, Tennessee. Gen. Stephen D. Lee was called to assume the honors and responsibilities of Commander-in-Chief, vacated by the lamented General Gordon. There were words of appreciation for dead comrades, of extenuation for those who championed a lost cause, but no present disloyalty to the flag, and a common rejoicing over the results. It is but fair that these heroes should be heard in their own defense, and it is interesting to note how it looks to those who once staked their all for the Confederacy and are now loyal to the flag they fought against and boastful of the prosperity of the nation they tried to dismember. That it was a fratricidal war is a fact of history which

no one attempts to dispute. It is equally true that it was a heroic war that developed uncalculable valor on both sides, and it becomes the soldiers of the North and the students of history to give thoughtful attention, respectful consideration to the counts of Dr. Randolph H. McKim of Washington, D. C., the orator of the day, of the things that did not lead to the war. The four propositions that represent what he calls "the erroneous impression" are the following:

1. The secession of the cotton states was not the result of a conspiracy on the part of a few leaders, but it was a genuine expression of the minds of the people.

2. The Southern states' withdrawal from the Union was not an act of disloyalty to the constitution or of treason to the United States government, as they understood it.

3. The people of the South were attached to the Union and were not eager to seize upon an excuse for its dissolution.

4. The South did not plunge itself into desperate war for the purpose of perpetuating slavery and for the making of that institution the cornerstone of the new confederacy they sought to establish.

It is to be regretted that the address does not proceed to state as categorically the reasons which did lead the South to take the lamentable initiative and which inspired them to bring such splendid consecration to so sad a task. This is a more difficult matter. Any attempt to make a simple statement of so complex a thing as the corporate heart of an excited community must necessarily be burdened with inaccuracies and rendered untrue by its exceptions, the above tabulation included. But it is a source of unqualified pleasure that the same author did pronounce in eloquent words for "one flag, one country, one constitution, one destiny, for the indissoluble Union of indestructible states." Let us hope that General Lee was also right in his inaugural address when he said, "Let us believe that the world is richer and better, purer and greater, for the tragic story of forty years ago, and that the shed blood has brought blessings, honor, glory, and power, an incorruptible treasure-house of which a brave and noble people can never be despoiled."

The Great Defense.

Amid confusing scenes of sense,
My spirit, Father, sends this cry,
"Be Thou my help, my sure defense,
The brightness of the morning sky!

My heart's afraid to face the foe,
Each step I take goes on to gloom;
What may befall I cannot know,
I tremble at uncertain doom!

Oh, draw so near, my God and friend,
That thought itself thy love shall feel,
And courage with my faith shall blend,
And all my woes and weakness heal!"

Behind the rock of love's repose
Is shelter from the storms of fate;
The sky to us new beauty shows,
We are beside Hope's morning gate!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A Political Platform That Would Be Worth While.

It is sad to think that neither one of the great political parties in the United States today will dare make a platform that is worth while. Writing as it were in the vestibule of Convention Hall, on the eve of the great quadrennial deliverances on the part of the Republican and Democratic parties that are to divide the bulk of suffrage of a great nation next November, it is quite safe to say that neither party will dare embody in its platform any great national issue. These platforms will be framed, not to enunciate great principles, but to evade them. Every "plank" will be carefully scrutinized not by statesmen, but by politicians, and it will be shaped, not for the purpose of bringing a square issue to the front, but for the purpose of getting funds. For instance:

There is a tariff problem which involves international equity and national economy, but it is safe to say that neither party will undertake to squarely face the issue, or even to state it. The words "militarism" and "imperialism" represent the problems on the advance line of statecraft and human interests, and still we need not expect any sincere attempt to divide the American people on this issue. All will agree that the war spirit is a menace to progress, that fortifications and battle ships are a burden to civilization, that a better way of settling national disputes has not only been discovered and adequately stated, but demonstrated. And still, neither party will dare face honestly the problem of reducing the armed forces at home, thus beginning the needed process of dehorning the nations that they may live together in peace and concentrate the energies on the arts of life that are now so dissipated on the arts of destruction.

All economists recognize the fact that the combinations of capital already attained and greater combinations close at hand are a serious menace, not only to the liberty but to the prosperity of the many; that the "influence" of this capital is oftentimes a fell influence in the legislative, executive and judicial departments of government. And still, it is not to be expected that either platform will speak the word of science on this subject for the very reason that Capital is in the committee room; aye, worse, back of the committee room, and has already largely dictated the personnel of the committee as well as its deliberations.

Again, it is known that the patronage entrusted to public office, the privilege of appointment, the right of executives, municipal, state, and national, to distribute offices among their own friends, their political henchmen, in lieu of pledged support and co-operation is a source of measureless corruption. It is the scandal of the United States. And still it is not to be expected that either party will seriously set itself to the task of removing this evil and advancing civil service reform, for the simple reason that both parties are afraid the public would hasten to take them at their word. They know that if this reform, to which both parties will touch their caps politely, were seriously urged and honestly submit-

ted, it would promptly carry the doom of too many so-called "leaders" and the death of too many selfish hopes.

Again, it is known that the "second term" possibility for the chief executive of the nation and the states is a persistent source, perhaps the most persistent source, of maladministration, of a diversion of interests, a plain prostitution of office. And still, neither party will honestly declare for the prolongation of the presidential and gubernatorial terms and the forbidding of re-election, thus from the start giving president and governor their whole energies for the legitimate executive tasks before them. It is not to be expected that either party will declare for this.

Again, it has become a matter of popular scandal, of common intelligence, that once every three years all state interests are made subservient to the senatorial question. Not only partisan but factional interests debauch the legislature and postpone legitimate and needed legislation. And still it is scarcely to be expected that either party will seriously champion the direct election of United States senators, and thus immensely relieve state legislatures from the temptations of corruption.

And still again, recent experiences, particularly in Illinois and Wisconsin, are demonstrations of the absolute absurdity, the worse than imbecility, of the present caucus and delegate system for nominations. In practice it is undemocratic and corrupting. And still it is scarcely to be expected that either national convention will set for itself the high task of bringing about some system of direct primaries that will make such scandals as are annually witnessed in city and state elections impossible.

Again, every year carries with it its pathetic stories of broken banks, bankrupt building and loan associations and similar organizations that prey upon the confidence of the unwary poor and waste the substance of washerwomen and day laborers. And still, it is not to be expected that either party will declare for that postal savings bank law which has proved itself to be such an encouragement to thrift, such a beneficent friend of the toiler in other countries, and which is the logical complement of our present postal system, obviously the next thing to do. And still, it is not to be expected that either party will set itself to this high task, simply because the banking interests of the United States, under capitalistic influences, would suspect such a law of being antagonistic to their interests.

Again, there is no attempt to evade the fact that there is a widespread movement, both north and south, which has been successful in many states, to reintroduce the color line in American politics, to reinstate legal restrictions to the social and political privileges of the black men. This introduces a class distinction, a race prejudice, into the statutes of our boasted democracy; this in confessed violation of the provisions in the national constitution and tending to undo the results of the war that cost us so much. And still it is not likely that either party will be willing to line up on this issue and submit the same to the arbitration of the ballot, simply because both parties hope to win favor and to gain power by evading rather than facing these issues.

What, then, are we to expect in the forthcoming platforms? Measureless blame of the opposite party, generous laudations of their own. It will be a campaign of personalities, partisan hopes and partisan patriotism.

Admitting that the tariff question and the color question are so complicated that it is impossible to formulate the issue into an affirmative and a negative, there still remain these other clear reforms, obvious issues. And how grateful would the great mass of American people be if it were made possible for them next November to vote for worthy men committed to these worthy reforms! How the multitude would welcome a party that in national convention assembled would honestly set itself to bring about the following reforms by adequate legislation:

1. A postal savings bank law.
2. A primary election law.
3. The election of United States senators by direct vote.
4. The making of the presidential term six years, and the gubernatorial and mayoralty (of large cities) terms not less than four years, and making the incumbents ineligible for re-election.
5. An extension of the civil service law in national, state and municipal governments, until all political patronage is removed from executive officers and civil offices are as independent of party convictions or party loyalties as are now the officers of the army and navy, and the presidents, professors and teachers in the universities, colleges and public schools of our land.
6. A reiteration of the fundamental principle of democracy, which forbids the holding of "possessions," pledges freedom to the Filipinos, and promises the reduction of army and navy and the promotion of arbitration as a means of settling disputes between nations and between labor and capital.

The party that would dare offer such reforms to the people could then seek, not the most available but the most efficient candidates to put on their tickets, for the campaign would be one of principles and not of personalities.

All this is gratuitous advice and in certain quarters will seem impertinent if not imbecile at the present time. The national conventions of the leading parties of 1904 will have none of these.

But, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: these questions are before the house and some day they will be submitted to vote. When that time comes, they will be carried.

All Gone.

Whar's my Adam 'nd Ebe?
Make ole nigger b'liebe
Warn't none? Preacher man say
"Story all done away."
O my lamb!

Whar's my apple so red,
Turned po' Missy Ebe's head?
'Nd de ole sarpent? "All lies,"
So say de preacher man, wise.
O my lamb!

Whar's my Jonah, dat groan
In de whale's belly all 'lone?
"Couldn't be done dat way,"
So de new preacher man say.
O my lamb!

Dey take my apple, take my Ebe,
Take my Adam 'nd snake dat deceibe,
Take my Jonah, take my whale,
'Nd bust my 'lijion. Po' nigger wail
O my lamb!

—*Ione L. Jones in Puck.*

A Man.

Fate slew him, but he did not drop;
She felled—he did not fall—
Impaled him on her fiercest stakes—
He neutralized them all.

She stung him, sapped his firm advance,
But, when her worst was done,
And he, unmoved, regarded her,
Acknowledged him a man.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

To an Oriole.

How falls it, oriole, thou has come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?
At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

The Eyes of Hawthorne.

From whence those eyes, that poignant gaze,
O Spirit wont to walk the ways
Leading, through labyrinthine gloom,
Into those soundless courts of doom,
Where haggard souls not mercy plead,
But that, through stripes, they may be freed
From the keen goad within the breast,
By Conscience ever deeper pressed!

One else there was whose orbs of sight
Envisioned, thus, eternal Night,
With gaze as poignant, as serene—
One else there was—the Florentine!
In realms from mortal knowledge veiled,
Have ye not, kinsmen, met and hailed—
The spark of swift recognizance
Forth-flashing in one mutual glance!

Edith M. Thomas in the July Century.

The Enduring.

A misty memory—faint, far away
And vague and dim as childhood's long-lost day—
Forever haunts and holds me with a spell
Of awe and wonder indefinable:
A grimy old engraving tacked upon
A shoeshop wall. An ancient temple, drawn
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico
And gray, forbidding gateway, grim as woe;
And o'er the portal, cut in antique line,
The words—cut likewise in this brain of mine—
"Wouldst have a friend? Wouldst know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."

Again the old shoemaker pounds and pounds
Resentfully, as the loud laugh resounds
And the coarse jest is bandied round the throng
That smokes about the smoldering stove; and long,
Tempestuous disputes arise, and then—
Even as all like discords—die again;
The while a barefoot boy more gravely heels
The quaint old picture, and tiptoeing reads
There in the rainy gloom the legend o'er
The lowering portal of the old church door—
"Wouldst have a friend? Wouldst know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."

So older—older—older, year by year,
The boy has grown, that now, an old man here,
He seems a part of Allegory, where
He stands before Life as the old print there—
Still awed, and marveling what light must be
Hid by the door that bars Futurity:
Though, ever clearer than with eyes of youth,
He reads with his *old* eyes—and tears forsooth—
"Wouldst have a friend? Wouldst know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The Personal Ideal in Philanthrophy.

Ours is the age of associated action. It is the age of great institutions for philanthropic, reformatory and educational purposes,—the period of charity organizations and commissions on education, of relief committees, of college and social settlements. It all shows how the public conscience is growing, and what an immense advance has been made in the thought and practice of the brotherhood of man. But these various institutions are only aggregations of individual workers and according to the character, outlook and capacity of the individuals on the governing boards, or of those working under them, will be the value of the work done or the good accomplished. The individual can do little in the great fields of philanthropic work without the aid of the organized charities and the organized educational forces —but the organizations can do very little unless they are made up of the right kind of individuals. The world is calling for ideal workers today as never before. The need is for meh and women of character, force, and insight, equipped to do good work in some of these many directions. For we must realize that this modern work calls for thorough equipment.

The important consideration to my mind is what should be the ideal for the individual worker that would make him or her a force for greater good in the community? In the first place, one should know the history and evolution of the special movement in which one is interested, the conditions which have called it forth and the existing conditions under which it works; one should be able to compare it with like movements elsewhere, thus giving a broader outlook and also broader lines on which to work. The more exact the knowledge that can be obtained the better, because we are too apt to deal in vague ideas and vague statements. Accurate knowledge is essential to the best work. A second requisite is good judgment. How many mistakes are made for lack of it! It is in some degree an innate quality, but it can be cultivated by observation, by learning from every experience, by growing into more vital touch with people and by getting a keener grasp of situations, through a more and more receptive mind and an ever-deepening insight and understanding.

And next we must have deep enthusiasm, a mighty passion for the work we are going to do. It is lack of these that makes so much work drudgery. Duty and necessity will make one faithful, but it is enthusiasm and love that add the glow and inspiration without which the highest and truest work cannot be accomplished. It is enthusiasm and spiritual passion for ones work that promise great achievement. No less important is the need of consecrated service. To sink oneself in the work one has to do, to work for a cause, or a charity, or for an individual, with no thought of appreciation or self-recompense, but—

"Steadfast and still, nor seeking mortal praise;
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense,
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

Surely, this is an essential factor of the ideal.

The soul that can go on quietly and unostentatiously doing the best work possible, doing it year after year without flagging, that is the consecrated soul. The woman, for example, who can work with others without letting petty personal feelings enter into discussions, who can fall in with a policy which the majority after careful consideration have agreed upon, though it differ from her own expressed views—the woman who, if it does not come to her to take a guiding part, or a prominent

place, will do the less significant work just as loyally and cheerfully for love of the work itself and because she knows it has to be done—this, again, is the consecrated soul. Such absolutely unselfish service is what we as individual workers must grow into.

And now I come to the most important requisite of the individual worker without which very little can be accomplished, but with which, if it be full and deep and never-failing, all else will follow—namely, the spirit of love. And what does this mean? It means a never-tiring patience and hopefulness, never losing sight of the divine germ in every soul however undeveloped it may be, keeping bright one's faith that goodness is stronger than evil, and never being discouraged by failure however oft-repeated. It means never relaxing one's effort, though ingratitude be the constant return, but realizing that gratitude belongs to a genuinely awakened spiritual nature. It means the loving a soul however covered it may be with sin, brutality, vice, loving the sinner while hating the sin—never losing the tenderness of patience which alone can awaken such a soul and bring it forth into the light of self-respecting manhood or womanhood.

Let there appear discouragement, or let there be distrust in the final victory of the struggling soul, and one's influence is lessened, if not lost, and with humility one realizes one has been untrue to that ideal spirit of love. It is a trite and commonplace thing to speak of personal influence, but it is the personal touch which is the vital thing. Take the charity organizations and you will find that it is the so-called friendly visitor who has the opportunity for touching the heart, lifting the ideal, as well as ministering to the physical needs of those under her friendly supervision. In the orphan's homes the matron is the making or marring of the home; in industrial schools the teacher can wield an influence, while training the eyes and hands of his pupils, which shall always be a force in the young lives around him.

It is the individual who incarnates character, wisdom and love to whom the unfortunate and erring ones look for guidance, courage, hope, and counsel and the love of which they have so little. Thus we see what we as individual workers along philanthropic lines must be. I say *be,* for in order to *do* ideal work we must first be ideal within. If we live deeply, nobly and richly, our activity will naturally follow along these lines. The greatest service any of us can render our fellowmen is to be so strong, earnest, loving, consecrated and cheerful, that the discouraged shall feel new courage, the weary-hearted and doubting find a deep and more hopeful faith and the fallen find the impulse to rise. The noblest work we can do is to embody a lofty ideal of life which shall encourage weaker souls to strive for higher ideals and show them the possibility of a divine life.

And now to summarize this brief survey of the subject, I would say that our ideal as individual workers along philanthropic lines, calls for accurate and comprehensive knowledge, for sound judgment, for genuine enthusiasm and a deep passion, for a consecration that is above all petty personal considerations and for a great love that never lacks patience and tenderness—that allows itself to feel no discouragement about those for whom it is working, and that always sees the divine deep down beneath the most wretched exterior. Finally, we must embody in our own lives the noblest ideals of character, that thus our lives may carry inspiration to all with whom we come in contact, helping weaker souls to rise to higher levels and to feel the possibility and the beauty of a diviner life. Such, it seems to me, is what we have to strive for, if we would do the kind of work that will contribute to an ideal commonwealth.

—*Lillie Frothingham Martin in Universal Religion.*

THE PULPIT.

What Shall I Do to be Saved?

An Answer to a Letter.

SERMON DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, JUNE 19, 1904.

What shall I do to be saved?"—Acts xvi. 80.

The following letter, headed Oakwood Boulevard, and dated May 29, 1904, came duly to hand:

"Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,

"My Dear Friend: I would like to have you preach from the text, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I have listened to your eloquent sermons about Birds, Beasts and Creeping Things; your eulogies of great men and noble women, your good instructions about living in this world—to do to others as we would be done by; and yet, after all there comes in my mind, in spite of me, that great desideratum—What shall I do to be saved? If you do not believe in the common orthodox theory of the natural inherent immorality of the soul; if you do not believe that God created some for happiness and others for endless life in misery; if you do not believe that all receive their punishment in this life for disobedience; if you do not believe the popular church doctrine of 'Spiritual death, or Death in Trespasses and Sins,' as the penalty pronounced upon Adam and his posterity for transgression of the Law; if you do not believe that Death means death but a transposition of life or being, or the moving out as it were from one place or condition to another; if you do not believe that the death which God pronounced upon Adam was real, literal death—the opposite of life; and that God foreknew the results of his death before Adam was created, and therefore purposed and planned the free gift of 'His Son to be the Saviour of the world'; if you do not believe that 'in Adam all die,' irrespective of character, sect or religious oinions; and that all are redeemed from the power of sin and death, by his death and resurrection; finally, if you do not believe in the ultimate salvation of the humn family—if you do or do not believe any of these theories, why not tell us so? If you are building your church on the rock and not on the sand, so that when the flood comes and the winds blow it shall not be swept away, why not tell us all about the material and how you are building it? You might be called to give an account of your stewardship; who could follow in your footsteps, could take your place and feed your Lambs with that bread from heaven, to prepare them for that life beyond death in the home of the holy? Sincerely yours, In Hope of Immortality."

It is not my custom to pay any attention to anonymous letters; I am sorry this friend did not send his or her name. But because the letter has the air of sincerity, and because the questions are such as are still familiar, representing much current thought or lack of thought, even on Oakwood Boulevard, in the city of Chicago, which may fairly be taken to represent more than the average intelligence in a city of more than average progressiveness and freedom from bigotry and superstition, I propose to make it the subject of a sermon—not for the sake of my anonymous correspondent, but for the sake of a class which this correspondent represents. It is not likely that the individual writing this letter will ever know my answer, but perhaps it may reach those to whom my answer may not be wholly untimely or uninteresting.

My first word is one of personal explanation. My correspondent accuses me of preaching of "birds, beasts, creeping things, great men, noble women, instruction concerning life in this world, and the doing to others as we would be done by," and still I am charged with having evaded, intentionally or otherwise, the fundamental problem implied in the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" The letter calls upon me to declare myself concerning the ever pressing questions related to death and eternity.

I hope to show before I am through that in preaching on the subjects ascribed I have been preaching on salvation, on the whole problem of salvation, which is fundamentally a thing of conduct, an attitude of the soul, a temper of the mind, and not a thing of doctrine, of ritual, or of creedal belief. As I understand my correspondent, the charge simply indicates that questions of religion, practical problems of conduct, and the essen-

tial elements of character, have engaged this pulpit more than questions of theology, the disputations of the doctors, the contentions of the creeds, and the dogmas of the church. This I hope is true. As thus interpreted, I accept the charge of this letter writer as an encouraging compliment.

But the letter reveals a further fact, viz., that my correspondent has either been a very irregular attendant upon the ministry of this pulpit or an indifferent listener, for my sermon "barrel," which contains my pulpit deliverances for nearly twenty-two years in this neighborhood, will prove that I have over and over again faced the theological questions of the times, discussed the problems about which the churches differ, and stated with all the clearness at my command my own attitude towards these problems. In print, in the pulpit, in the class room and the Sunday-school, I have tried to make my contribution towards clear thinking concerning the nature and destiny of the human soul, its relation to the Bible, to Jesus and to God. Indeed, distasteful as are theological disputations to me, unprofitable as I deem the war with texts and doctrines, it has been my aim at least once every year to speak with all the clearness I could command, my convictions concerning what my correspondent deems the fundamentals, but what I should probably call the metaphysical and doctrinal phases of religion. Only last winter I gave a series of Sunday evening talks for the express benefit of such inquirers as my letter represents, in which I set forth with all the directness and clearness I am capable of, my thought on such topics as "The God I Worship," "The Jesus I Honor," "The Bible I Revere," "The Hell I Dread," "The Heaven I Hope For," and "The Chuch I Belong To."

One of two inferences, then, seems to be justified:

1. That my correspondent represents that painfully large class of church rovers, "free-lunchers" I sometimes call them, who give to this church, as to other churches, only irregular attendance and superficial study, their going or their coming perhaps being determined by the announcement in the Sunday morning paper. The result is that they hear at any one church only a distorted or a fragmentary statement of the thing the church stands for or the minister believes.

2. Or, that the sermon is an inadequate means of religious education; for the listener who brings but a fragment of his mind and gives but passing attention may listen to a preacher as my correspondent has to me, and still miss the central things, may fail to put two and two together and find the four that is the result.

This seems to justify the special emphasis this church lays upon the study work, the class drill, the opportunity to ask and to answer questions, afforded by the numerous Sunday and week-day classes. Obviously the writer of this letter has never been a member of my Tuesday morning class in Religion or of any one of my numerous week-day classes which have studied the fundamentals of thought and the conclusions of ancient scholars concerning the very questions at issue.

But, notwithstanding the discouraging inferences which I gather from this letter, I will again try to state, for more than the hundredth time, my answer to this question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

For clearness' sake, let me first indulge in some negatives.

It seems hardly necessary for me to say, at the end of twenty-three years and more of continuous writing, publishing and speaking, that I do not believe in the Eden story as currently held. In my thinking there was no Adam; there was no Eve; there was no talking serpent; there was no apple, and consequently there was no fall. There was no deluge as a penalty for or a disciplining result of this fall. There being no total depravity, there was no need of any vicarious atonement to appease the wrath of an angry God, and consequently there was no need of a triune God, one factor of which must needs come below and offer on Calvary an infinite sacrifice for finite sins. If there be no angry God, no redeeming, supernatural, divinely appointed Savior, the endless hell of unmitigated agony prepared for the unbelieving and the non-elect becomes indeed bottomless, without foundation or justification. In saying these things I am but repeating the commonplaces of modern science, the inevitable conclusions of the studies of our children in the public schools, if only they were taught to make the proper connection between religion and science.

These negatives necessitate one more crucial, sweeping and final negative. The alleged record of all this transaction, the statute book of this theology, loses its infallibility. Conceding these negatives, one is compelled to distrust either the record upon which this whole fabric of theology rests or the accepted interpretation of the record which affirms all these postulates that I have negated.

But the soul cannot feed on negations. I have sought a ministry not of destruction but of construction, and hence my affirmations far outnumber my negations. I love better to tell what I do believe than what I do not believe, so now let me hand you a bundle of affirmations.

I believe that we live in an ordered universe; I believe in the universality of law; that this order is divine; that the law of cause and effect holds as unerringly and inevitably in the realm of morals as in the realm of physics; that like causes produce like effects in the soul of man as in the chemist's laboratory. I believe in the law of retribution, which rewards well-doing and punishes ill-doing. I believe in the continuous life. I believe in sin and in virtue, and that degradation is the result of one and saintliness the reward of the other. I believe in an overruling providence, in a "power not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," in a God of love; a father of souls, who reveals himself in mother loves and father cares. His saviors reach from the nurse who with steady hand and wise mind stays the red tide of life that is escaping from the severed artery, up to the benignant Teacher, the masterful spirit, who on Calvary chose the cross rather than perfidy or expediency, and who dying prayed; "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I believe that nature is an expression of the infinite power, a revelation of his will, a manifestation of his potency. I believe that history is the New Testament in this larger book of Revelation, God revealing himself in the unfolding humanity. Poetry, art and science represent the broken lights of the infinite truth and radiance. I believe that the Bible is the treasure-house of human wisdom, a priceless transcript of the human heart in its varying moods of the conscience in its aspirations, development and growth.

"What shall I do to be saved," then, from an endless hell whose yawning mouth swallows the soul at the instant of death, if perchance it should be found unreconciled or unregenerate? Nothing, for I do not believe in such a hell. Change, progress, the profit that comes from experience and the discipline that rewards defeat, must hold in all the realms of existence, in time and eternity.

"What shall I do to be saved" from an angry God? Nothing, because there is none such; for however we think of God, we must think of him with all the qualities of human motherhood and fatherhood, carried up

and on into divine potencies and infinite measurements. God is not human, because he is more than human; he is not like an earthly father and mother, because he is all that and more. A nursing pity, a nourishing love, a disciplining law, obtains everywhere and always. Socrates said, "Be of good cheer, for no harm can befall a good man, either in life or in death." In the light of the larger faith I would add, neither can harm befall a bad man, either in life or in death; because pain is redemptive, suffering is healing, all agony is symptomatic of life still left and of restorative power at work.

What, then, shall I be saved from? From ignorance. The fool, by virtue of his folly, stands in his own light and in everybody's way. Ignorance halts the procession, confuses the community, interferes with the order of nature, and retards the progress of man.

What shall I be saved from? From uncontrolled passion. The appetites, released from the leash of judgment and of duty, rend the soul. Lust builds a consuming fire, and selfishness blights the life. Meanness makes dull the eye, hard the voice, grim the face, and stolid the conscience.

What shall I be saved from? Not from pain, for that is redemptive, but from stolidity, for that suggests decay. I want to be saved from myself; from living for my own petty interests, from trying to shape the world to my needs rather than fitting myself into the needs of the world.

Hell? Yes, indeed! the hell of meanness; the hell of lust; the hell of the lying; the hell of the selfish. Out of this abode of torture, out of this limbo of indifference, out of the Inferno of selfish contentment and personal greed, of self-interest, self-satisfaction, self-starvation, we may well pray to be saved.

What shall we saved to? Saved to the heaven prepared for appreciative souls; an appreciation of truth, of harmony, of love; saved to the heaven that enjoys the fragrance of the wild rose, the song of the meadow lark, the nodding pine, and the twinkling star; saved into an appreciation of helpless babes and those made dependent by the lapse of years; saved to that heaven where the reverences of the soul unfold and where duty sits enthroned; saved to that corporate life of man that is ashamed to ask for individual salvation; that is willing to go shares with the unlucky; that prefers the power of serving in hell to complacent contentment in heaven while a single soul abides away or wanders in the wilderness, whether in time or eternity.

"What shall I do to be saved" into this salvation of advancing the interest of this kingdom of righteousness, of beginning now the life eternal? This is the only legitimate topic for the pulpit, as it is the supreme quest of ethics and the ultimate standard of the spiritual life, and I confess I know no better way to seek this salvation than on lines which seem to my correspondent secondary and unimportant. To be saved is to learn the meaning of bird, beast, and creeping thing, to enter into communion with great men and noble women; it is to study the problems of right living and to practice the wisdom obtained; it is to do to others as we would be done by. This is the Golden Rule for heaven as it is for earth; the touch-stone of salvation, as it is the benignant cornerstone of home and state.

"What shall I do to be saved?" Seek the peace of the open mind, the strength of the free soul. To be saved is to be free from the carking cares of selfishness, from the selfish fears of life. All fear is ignoble, and none more so than the fear of death, the inevitable attendant of life, the translation of which the seen passes into a more mysterious and a more blessed unseen.

I want to be saved from the debility of disease; from the imbecility that belongs to undeveloped souls. How is this to be done? By no blood vicariousness; there is no room for miracle in an universe that is crammed with law. There is no damnation more deplorable than the imbecility of the parasite who is willing to eat unearned bread, to shelter himself or herself in another's strength, to clothe one's self with the unearned purity of another's soul, either in time or eternity. The whole scheme of a vicarious atonement, a supernatural savior, a miraculous salvation, a cramped heaven and an ample hell, belongs to the credulity of ignorance; it is of itself a mark of the unsaved, the evidence of damnation, a damnation that obtains now, the damnation of one who sets convention and tradition against science and history and the ever-expanding vision of the wise.

Anything, then, which makes the thought of a devil impossible, of an endless hell absurd, of an exclusive heaven repulsive, of a closed, dogmatic, infallible life unthinkable, makes for salvation.

"What shall I do to be saved" from this damnation of bigotry, the damnation of theological conceit, the damnation of the orthodox who flatters himself that he alone has entered into the councils of the Almighty, who fancies that the God who laid the mountain strata, who gathers the seas as in the hollow of his hand, who numbers the stars, and placed the infant Jesus in the arms of Mother Mary, delights in the damnatory clauses of the Thirty-nine Articles, surveys the fields of immensity, and makes the æons of eternity according to the Catechism or the Apostles' Creed?

I answer, study the multiplication table and live up to it; watch the lilies grow; take a course of study in geology, in biology; listen to the revelations of the observatory and the demonstrations of the laboratory; look through a telescope into the infinite space above; look through a microscope into the depths of an equal infinite below, the sublimity of the large matched by the awe-full little. All knowledge is an instrument of grace; it has soul-saving power. Take a course in human history, read the Declaration of Independence; visit the hospital; go live the life of the miserable, not daintily touching them with your forefinger, but heroically entering into their suffering and bearing their burdens with them.

Attune your souls to exquisite harmonies; bring the mind up to the beauty of the rose, the majesty of the pine, the glory of the sunshine. Beauty is a soul-saver.

"What shall I do to be saved?" Pay your poll-tax without grudging. Schedule your personal property truly that you may not swear to a lie, and then pay your taxes gladly. Cultivate morals in the plural number; take upon yourself a corporate consciousness; feel the woes of society; grapple with the problems of state; vote and live for a cause, as, under the strain, those whom you have loved and honored have shot and died for a cause.

But, you ask, can you be saved without the help of a Bible and of Jesus and the thought of the immortal life?" Thousands have lived tenderly and died nobly without the help of Jewish scripture or of Christian texts, who never heard the sweet story of the Carpenter of Galilee and the martyrdom of Calvary.

But he is not saved who tries to travel the celestial road without all the helps available and without the inspiration of the highest. So beatitude and parable and psalm, the searchings of Paul and the declarations of the prophets, the enactments of the Pentateuch and the rhapsody of the Apocalypse, are all blessed helps to the heavenly pilgrim, and the soul cannot afford to lay aside these splendid helps; least of all can the soul grow indifferent to the masterful statements and the triumphal embodiment of him whom the centuries unite in calling "Savior," the elder brother of Nazareth, the oracle of the mount, the interpreter of babe and of lily.

And so I would say of the undying hope, of immortality, let the soul avail itself of the truest perspective

lines, the longest measuring lines, the far-reaching lore of the noble.

Says my correspondent impatiently, "If you do not believe that death means *death,* but a transposition of life or being, or the moving out as it were from one place or condition to another, * * * why not tell us so?"

This, after many years of groping, of teaching and of preaching, with a great expectation, and, for myself, a great trust and a perfect calm as to the future, seems something like impertinence. Is my correspondent a kind of theological highwayman who has a right to hold up his brother man with a "stand and deliver" sort of demand, in the presence of the great and tender sanctities of the soul?

Two kinds of people awaken my pity and sometimes arouse my distrust and resentment—the one who flatly denies the continuity of the soul after death, in this world of mystery, in this realm of the immeasurable, and the other, who is so sure of continuity that he is willing at any time to tell you all about it, and who patronizingly pities or insolently dismisses the larger soul of the more devout brother who bows in humility before the majestic presumption. I am never so tempted to dismiss the thought of immortality as being too presumptuous an assumption on the part of poor finite man, as when I find myself in the presence of the irreverent confidence of the dogmatic advocate of immortality whose very assumptions negative the high claim. The finite cannot prove the infinite. There is no logic which can establish that which includes all logic. A demonstrated immortality has taken upon itself mortal boundaries. He who says, let us be noble and make the most of the life that now is, let us be diligent, for the night cometh wherein no man can work—is deeper in the confidences of the Almighty, closer in the embrace of the eternal than he who says, If there is no life beyond the grave, then let there be no mortality here, no sanctities, no restrictions.

The truer attitude, as I take it, is the modesty of the poet who patiently awaits the muffled oar, confessing:

> "I know not where his islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond his love and care."

This is the safe ground of faith; this is the confidence, the trust that holds.

But one thing I am sure of, and here I rest my case and find my ultimate answer to the question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Salvation in this world or in the next is not conditioned on assent to dogma or belief, however true; but always conditioned on willingness to follow the light given and the humility that will let go one adquate statement in the interest of a more adequate statement found. Your future and mine, in time or eternity, is not to be conditioned on what we believe but on what we do and what we are. Immortality is not a thing of doctrine or of dogma, whatever it is; it is a thing of character; it is a part of the ordered universe or it is not at all. You and I abide by virtue of the inherent value of the soul, not by virtue of doctrine of soul or of God, of Christ or of Devil, and I believe that when our feet step into the chilly water of the mystic river, a little handful of good deeds will be more consoling than a whole book full of good creeds. Holy practice will bear across the river what would go down stream on a raft of holy confessions and sanctimonious beliefs. The cross of the soul will triumph over death, like the cross of Calvary, by virtue of the character there tested and not found wanting.

Here as well as anywhere else I may stop. I have but reiterated what have been the commonplaces of this pulpit for twenty-three years. I have tried to state as best I could the fundamentals of my faith and belief; and still, my anonymous correspondent and probably others, will continue to say that I am "building on the sand," rather than "on the rock," and will predict the "floods and winds" that will sweep the structure away.

Let the floods break, and let the winds blow! Undaunted I take my stand on this faith in the integrity of the universe, the sonship of man, and that more than fatherhood and more than motherhood in the God I worship but cannot explain; whom I feebly apprehend, but can never comprehend. I have tried my best to be definite and to be clear, and still, it is the indefiniteness of my hope, the vagueness of my faith, the unspeakableness of my belief that best represent my hope, my faith, and my unfaltering belief.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Place of Christianity.

From England comes a little book bearing the well-known name of Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter and entitled "The Place of Christianity Among the Religions of the World." The first three chapters, "Comparative Religion and Modern Thought," "Light on the Old Testament", and "The Sacred Books of the East," as the preface tells us, "were written for the *Inquirer* in 1901, as part of a series of surveys of the progress of thought and knowledge in philosophy and religion during the nineteenth century." The concluding chapter, which gives its name to the volume, was prepared for the International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers at Amsterdam last September.

The purpose of the book is to enforce new lessons of sympathy and reverence, and it is well fitted to accomplish its object. Needless to say, the charm of clear and simple English is found on every page; but it is the masterly disposal of data that sweeps the reader along without pause. Condensation is carried to the limit, so that these chapters might serve as an outline for an extensive course of study, and yet they are not dull. Each sentence is a living seed of thought. A bibliography on the science of comparative religion might almost be compiled from the text, while the author's share in this work, for which he assigns the praise to others, is modestly passed by.

There is probably no one better fitted than this co-laborer of Prof Max Müller among the Sacred Books of the East to discuss the "Place of Christianity Among the Religions of the World." His great theme is treated with the sure hand of a master. For the present reviewer, the chief interest attaches to those portions which deal with the religious ideas of India, though the author seems no less at home in Egypt and China. The little share which the ancient faith of the Nile valley has in modern religion receives slight comment, but no explanation. One by one the great world religions pass in review to take their places as products of the evolution of human thought and submit to judgment as spiritual forces. In the end, Mr. Carpenter shows himself no biased apologist for Christianity, but a reverent and hopeful disciple of the Man of Nazareth. He finds "a purpose in the long sequences of history working out that high end to which we give the name of the education of the race. * * * To this vast process we must conceive the religions of the world as all in turn contributing with varied potencies. Foremost among them, at least in this stage of our development, is the Christianity we love." E. HARRINGTON.

*The Place of Christianity Among the Religions of the World. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. London: Philip Green, 1904. Price in England, 2 shillings net.

Notes.

From McClure, Phillips & Co. I am in receipt of The Silent Places. This is another book by Stewart Edward White, author of The Blazed Trail and The Conjuror's House. It is not depreciating the book to say that it is not equal to The Blazed Trail. We do not expect Mr. White will ever allow his genius sufficient rest and freedom to produce the equal of that remarkable and ideal book. The Silent Places is full of delightful pictures of that northwest land where the Hudson Bay Company once ruled with a sway more absolute than that of the Czar of Russia. The book is full of life, and possesses not a little of that vigorous and bracing atmosphere which characterized The Blazed Trail. The story, however, is simply horrible in all its details. It is hard to conceive that the autocracy of the Hudson Bay Company found expression in such brute force and brutal incidents. However, the book will well pay for the time you spend and the thought you give.

From the same house I am in receipt of The Flower Garden, by Ida D. Bennett. This is a complete manual, by a practical flower grower, and intended to be so careful and minute in detail as to make a first-rate text-book for beginners in the garden. It is in many ways decidedly ahead of all its rivals. Perhaps best of all is the fact that it is thoroughly readable. The trouble with most of these manuals is that they are only fit for reference—too dry to be placed on the table among books to be read.

From Bobbs-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, I am in receipt of The Grafters, by Francis Lynde. This is a complete picture of a plot, involving legislation, to steal a railroad. The picture is too true to American history to make pleasant reading. It is made more pleasant by the introduction of some of the finest characters and the strongest that I have found in any recent novel. It is western in tone, and the characters are such as would be bred by Chicago, plus a good deal of cosmopolitan railroad work. The author is specially happy in his Portia, a very possible woman, but by no means easily found. Kent is every inch a man—man in his weaknesses, but especially man in his strength.

The Alternate Sex comes from the Funk & Wagnalls Company. It is amazing that such a book should have been produced by the author of the Breitman Ballads. There could not be a more striking contrast in method and purpose. The object of the present volume is to demonstrate that men and women are as radically different in mind as in body; and that every man has in him a remnant of female characteristics—as every woman has a proportion of masculine mental powers. By this demonstration he desires to explain a great deal of that which has been attributed to unconscious cerebration. Involved in the discussion are a host of problems, presumptively settled. One of these is that everything is alive. He believes that all efforts to rise intellectually above ordinary experience should be limited to prayer to God and exercise of will. There are no proofs, he says, of the existence of God save on purely material grounds, and from the conclusions of science—which all point in that direction. Yet this proof can never be absolutely perfected, because, as man advances, he is constantly raising a higher ideal of divinity. There is enough in the book worth reading to excuse anything which we must reject.

E. P. P.

THE HOME

HIGHER LIVING—XLIII.

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me,a fool.—*E. R. Sill.*

No human being can control love, and no one is to blame either for feeling it or for losing it. What alone degrades a woman is falsehood.—*George Sand.*

Since when did the truest love prevent a man from being petulant, even to the extent of wounding those he best loves, especially if the loved one shows scruples where sympathy is needed.—*Warner.*

If we're men, and have men's feelings, I reckon we must have men's troubles. We can't be like the birds, as fly from their nest as soon as they've got their wings, and never know their kin when they see 'em, and get a fresh lot every year.—*Adam Bede.*

The people who live in a harem of sentiments are very apt to lose the wholesome sense of relation in life, so that in their egotism small things become large, and as often large things small. They are apt to call to their aid whatever power of casuistry they possess to support their feelings, and thus by degrees habitually weaken their sense of moral perspective. —*S. Weir Mitchell.*

Let us learn through one another what it is to live. Let us set our minds and habitudes in order, and grow under the peaceful sunshine of nature, that whatever fruit or flowers have been implanted in our spirits may ripen wholesomely and be distributed in due season.—*Carlyle to Jane Welsh.*

A grain of anger or a grain of suspicion produces strange acoustical effects, and makes the ear greedy to remark offense. Hence we find those who have once quarreled carry themselves distantly and are never ready to break the truce.—*Stevenson.*

If the man of the house knew at what watch in the night the thief was coming, then he would have watched and not suffered his house to be broken through.—*Bible.*

Be afraid * * * that you won't understand human nature; that you won't realize the beauty of the only world; that you may lack sympathy; that your faculty of expression may not keep pace with your ideas.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

That this precious couple may never suffer example to sway them from a line of conduct in every respect which clear impression on their own minds decide to be right for them, is, and has oft been, the fervent wish of—*Their Grandfather, James Mott.*

We do not aspire to the laying up of *much* treasure. We are endeavoring to let our wants be as few as possible, and I trust, as we "seek not great things" that all we really need will be supplied.—*Lucretia Mott.*

It is—it is—the irreparableness of it all. No undoing it ever, and how a woman glides into it, how lightly, knowing so little!—thinking herself so wise! And if she has deceived herself, if she is not made for love, if she has given herself for so little—for an illusion—for a dream that breaks and must break—how dare the man reproach her after all?—*Mrs. Ward.*

When, soon after marriage, Jane Welsh Carlyle wrote to her husband's mother: "He is really at times a tolerably social character," and after this could repeatedly write whole letters to the same interested person without even mentioning his name, one does not need to know their future history to see how their united fortunes were disastrously weighted from the first. One remembers that long before, Edward Irving had written her, "When I am in your company my whole soul would rush to serve you," and afterwards had married another. Nor does one forget that close to the end of her life, she said, "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and I am miserable;" nor the soul-rending sorrow that is testified to by him, as he writes, "Noble little heart! her painful, much-enduring, much-endeavoring little history, now at last crowned with victory. * * * Right silent and serene is she, my lost darling as I often think of in my gloom, no more sorrow for her nor will there long be for me." And what a comment on the marriage was that of Tennyson's, who, according to Chesterton, was enabled to say that he could not agree "that the Carlyles ought never to have married, since if they had each married elsewhere there would have been four miserable people instead of two."

This reminds one of the comprehensive retort of Phœbe Cary, when someone asked her if she had ever been disappointed in love. "Oh, no," she replied, "but I have seen a good many married people who have been." Granting this to be true, we yet need not suppose that John Ruskin was especially disappointed when his wife and the artist Millais conceived such an attachment for each other that to consent to their marriage seemed the best if not the only ultimatum. Probably the friends on either side, who originally brought about the Ruskin wedding, did not understand the insecurity of the bond which they tried to forge.

In fact no one can predict the outcome of human marriage, no matter what first appearances may indicate. Sometimes the parties themselves and the circumstances of their birth, breeding, or achievement point to one result, while actual life eventually realizes something very different. Indeed, how often is it seen that two people, even when young, handsome, cultivated, well-off, and starting with every promise of success, before very long, are found to be dissatisfied, divergent, and practically ruined, while certain others, with little or nothing to cheer them on, rise, step by step, to the prosperity in love position and possessions which makes them the envy of all. Why these should prosper and the others fail must depend, if not on pure luck, then on something intelligible, let us hope, if only someone would undertake to find it out.

Often the supposed lack of intelligibility is owing simply to the fact that the separating difficulty arises and develops so insidiously that the mischief is mostly done before the couple is aware. One day a carpenter wished to separate two pieces of valuable board which had been firmly glued together. One by one did he at first carefully insinuate on every side the thinnest wedges, then, even more carefully still, thicker and thicker ones until the separation was completely successful. So it is in married life. The very thinnest of divisive wedges unsuspectingly makes the start; then perhaps larger ones follow; but so insidiously that the couple is actually forced asunder before the process is noted. Thus, in some particular instance, the initial wedge may be an unduly assertive individuality, or lack of enduring attractiveness; in another, love of change; in a third, renewal of an old interest; or, it may be some strange fascination, a capricious freak of temperament, an ungovernable impulse, slow but sure growth of antipathy or revulsion, unfortunate propinquity, loneliness, innate weakness, loose suggestion, hateful backbiting, or face to face insult. Whatever it is, it surely opens the way, if never so slightly, for the introduction of still more divisive influences, those which stimulate and tempt, which promise luxuriously and dazzle with every false sheen, which eventually overcome and separate into fragments, forevermore! The married couple that is so fortunate as timely to recognize and cast out all such to them, first wedges, need seldom have much to apprehend from the influence of any other kind.

Thus we see that some things certainly are, or may be, intelligible from the start. In fact we may see that the practical basis of the permanency of all marriage is mutual appreciation of each other's worth as an individual, good fellowship in joy and sorrow, and unfailing helpfulness in the work engaged in. Where this is, God does join permanently, and man cannot put asunder, if he try. Such a marriage as that of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophie Peabody could not at first be enshrined in the promise of either a very smooth or an easy life. But death only could disturb the equanimity of their mutual appreciation, cheer and help. Matthew Arnold and Frances Wightman had many years of separation, and tried under hard managing just to live; but after thirty-five of them he could address her as "My Sweet Granny," promise to "scratch a line every day if I can," and praise her for telling him of the household pony's death "beautifully, just all that I should naturally want to know; and all you have done," he continues, "is exactly right, and as I could wish." Thomas Huxley and Henrietta Heathorn had to wait seven years for prospects to brighten sufficiently to warrant their marriage at all. But now, through thick and thin, joy and sorrow, strength and weakness, they did subsequently bless each other, even until the end. And so it is with millions who have no public history. These marry; and instinctively or culturally appreciate help and cheer themselves on until eternity itself cannot separate them.

In all these cases Nature undoubtedly does the most toward insuring ultimate success. Here, temperamental adjustments, physical, mental, spiritual and common efforts and anticipations, concomitant growth and similar powers of activity and endurance, all unconsciously contribute to make the marriage complete and permanent. In these, there are no, or at most few, elements of danger or dissatisfaction. Life is borne, achieved, and conquered, hand in hand and heart to heart; and what love initiated, mutual trust and appreciation perpetuates.

But that it is not so with many others, is evident on every hand. In these, nature has not properly fitted the respective fortunes of the contracting parties for their unique privileges and responsibilities. For it is a fact that just as soon as either party becomes to the other unattractive in person, speech or conduct, or fails to maintain the parity of usefulness and cheering companionship which human nature everywhere seeks and needs, just so soon is the way open for intrusive, and possibly irresistable divisive influences. If these marriages are to result in a permanent experience, culture must awaken to develop what otherwise will continue to be lacking. In this we see that something akin to art has a function of the highest order possible. In fact, the worth and perpetuity of marriage for most people must depend exactly upon the grade of this high, fine art which they are capable of achieving. But it may be premised that there will be little or no art of this useful order, or else that there will be almost universal wastage of time and opportunity, if the foundations of such art have not already been laid in the earlier training of the parties concerned. Where this has not been, where there has been little or no instruction as to the right purpose, right point of view, and real needs in anticipation of marriage, there is very likely to be sad bungling and wastage dire and from a very early day. Where, however, there has fortunately been adequate instruction and right prompting, then will art as applied to marriage itself be comparatively easy of comprehension, and most helpfully accurate in its application to daily life.

Unquestionably, such a fine life-art is most needed at certain times—such, for instance, as in unexpected crises in affairs, or during seasons of prolonged tension of individual natures. Could we eliminate frequently recurring emergencies the safe management of many lives would be comparatively easy. For it is these—the sudden accessions of burden and demand—which try people, as little else can. Indeed, every emergency may prove to be a veritable insult, either to body, or mind, or to both. Conversely, also, such experiences are often of uttermost use in welding two souls into a oneness not otherwise possible. Eventually, in either case, upon how these insults are received and reacted to, will depend the ultimate result for good or evil. Hence, the very great desirability of people having reached marriage with adequate discipline in this most important respect. So, too, with prolonged tension of mind or body. Sooner or later the break comes, unless pre-

vious training has prepared the individual for such experiences. The starter in a Marathon race may lead until near the finish, but in the end fail because of a lack of endurance. They who start never so gloriously in the way of marriage relationship and its long course may not endure to the end, and so sadly disappoint and be disappointed in turn. Hence it is, that proper cultivation of all the higher faculties should have previously been continued along with similar training of all the lower ones. Good digestion, adequate excretion, and ability to work and sleep are as necessary here, as are mental furnishing, aesthetic refinements and spiritual nurture. In every respect, there is opportunity for realizing the spirit of that fine art whch enobles while it renders safe.

Many people who can encounter and survive emergencies with naught but increase of strength and endurance, and thrive at their very best on the excitement and variety which come with them, simply wilt and degenerate under the persistent strain of uninspiring commonplaces. When educators of every class shall fully realize the importance of this, there will undoubtedly follow proper efforts to train such natures for the life before them. As it is such people do not find out the peril of continuously being in contact with non-supporting environment, until, through contrast, they develop an unendurable revulsion which is as full of danger as it is powerful. To such people simply the monotony of married life and home-providing and home-keeping is a torture that eventually may destroy all fine sense of honor as well as strength. Said an unmarried woman once: "I fear I should get to be so tired of him, I should explode." This was simply predictive of what is actually realized in many a life, whether of man or woman. With these the mere tameness of "bonded" life is found to be beyond the limit of endurance. Hence it is, that as civilization becomes more and more complex and consequently more exciting and exhaustive, it will be more and more necessary that the faculty and power of being perpetually agreeable and stimulative, and consequently enduring, shall be cultivated. The old idea, that if two people are once married, all else must necessarily follow, and that possession completes the transaction, and of course implies permanent security, will have to give way to the much better one, that marriage, to be permanent, must be renewed daily, by all the courtesies, kindnesses, forbearances, gentle persuasions, entertainment, admiration and love, which if not always natural can certainly be cultivated by intelligence and energy, whenever there is a will so to do. The woman of the world knows that her power over man will last just as long as she makes herself essential to him, and no longer. The man of the world knows that if he is to obtain and keep the favor of any particular woman he must satisfy her womanly instincts and ambitions unfailingly. In this there is light upon the terrible perpetuity or the reverse of married life. To assume that marriage comprehends all, necessarily, is prophetic of failure from the beginning. On the other hand, to know that

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new,"

and to act upon this, is to assure all the permanency possible to the two natures joined. Here, again, it is hinted that, as Emerson says, "Intellect annuls Fate." Here, again, is it very evident that Higher Living for married people may be very safely founded on comprehensive intelligence.

SMITH BAKER.

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The friend who some time ago borrowed from me two volumes of Tower Hill pictures will confer a favor if she will return them to All Souls Church, Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLEY.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

La Salle.

Explorer of the Mississippi.

Battling through trackless lands, 'gainst savage foes;
Striving, enduring, knowing the bitterness
Of foul betrayal, still in front he goes;
Onward through swamp and forest see him press,
Proud, silent, suffering, misunderstood;
The weight he bore, it seemed that no man could;
Then at the last, when the infernal stroke
Fell, 'twas as if the silent leader spoke:
"This river I first trace to the far sea—
If monument I need, this let it be;
Then shall I live with the chief sons of time.
This is the path of empire; onward to empire climb!"

—*Selected.*

Foreign Notes.

DIFFICULTIES OF COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.—Since our own government has assumed the onerous task of administering the affairs of colonial dependencies, it becomes more directly interesting than ever to note the methods of so old a hand at the business as Great Britain. We were colonies ourselves once upon a time and did not relish the position. But though colonists, the people over here were not of alien race. Perhaps we are too ready to think that made a difference in the treatment we had a right to expect, to say nothing of the danger the mother country ran in going counter to our wishes. But human nature is much the same and her Indian subjects are not slow to feel Great Britain's tactless disregard of their national sentiments and desires.

We are very ready with our sympathies for the Finns and Poles, and are outraged by the ruthlessness of Russian and German measures for their denationalization; but since we have taken the Filipinos in hand it is perhaps less easy for us to do justice to the standpoint of England's subject peoples.

Who is right, for instance, in this case? The European principal of the Government College at Lahore recently issued an edict compelling its students to wear blazers. *New India* sees in this a decision inspired by the anxiety of the present Government of India to officialize as completely as possible the educational institutions of the country."

"Principal Robson," it says, "may compel the Lahore students to submission, but the effect of it on the general Indian public will be to deepen the suspicion and accentuate the fears that recent policies of the Government have created in the country. The cap and gown are the natural growth of university uniform in England. They fit in wonderfully well with the national costume of the British people. We, too, in ancient India, among the Hindus, had our own special badge of studentship. The ochre color cloth and scarf of the Brahmacharin still represent that ancient tradition. That was our cap and gown, and if we are to have any uniform for our students, which they shall wear whenever they go out of their houses, it must follow our own national lines and fit in with our own national costumes. It is sufficient that we have to put on foreign costumes on special official occasions. It would be almost tyrannical to compel us to do so always."

The students themselves have submitted a remonstrance, as follows:

"Sir—With reference to your order making the wearing of blazers compulsory for all students of the college, we most respectfully beg to bring following points to your kind notice: (1) That a number of us have taken pledges not to use foreign made cloth and therefore it becomes impossible for the pledge-

holders to wear blazers, the cloth of which is imported from England. Nor do we expect that you will require us to break our pledge and thus show our moral weakness. (2) Most of us are not prepared to wear short coats because our parents are strictly against our adopting English fashions in dress, nor have we ourselves any liking for them. Moreover, short coats on long shirts and different sorts of trousers, as are used by students from different parts of the province, will make a ridiculous appearance, which none of us is ready to assume. Therefore, under the above-mentioned circumstances, it becomes almost impracticable to act up to your order, which, we hope, you will kindly reconsider and cancel. This act of kindness will highly oblige us.''

This document, signed by thirty-two students, Hindus and Mohammedans, called out in reply the following ''order'':

''This step has been taken by the College Council after careful consideration and with the full conviction that it will promote *esprit de corps* (or the corporate spirit), that it is for the benefit of the students, although some of them are not yet able to understand how, and that, in a short time, the students will come to take pride in the distinctive colors of the college.

''The order must stand good.

''The case of any student, who would break religious vows by wearing his blazer, should be laid before his college tutor. A pledge to boycott all English goods, simply as such, would seem to be inconsistent with the position of a good citizen of the Empire or a loyal subject of the King. Such a policy is not only disloyal but ignorant and shortsighted. If the rest of the British Empire were to do the same thing with regard to India, the result would be ruin to India.''

After expressing his personal disappointment over the fussy and unappreciative attitude of the students, the principal goes on to say:

''There seem to be some who think that, at least in small matters of college discipline, the tail should wag the dog.''

Comment on the conciliatory and sympathetic spirit shown in that last utterance, at least, is hardly necessary.

Another more immediately serious grievance noted in the same issue of *New India* is the defective condition of the sewerage and general sanitary conditions in Calcutta. ''The plague this year,'' it says, ''has fortunately been less virulent than in the past, but the cyclical laws that somehow seem to regulate the cholera and smallpox epidemics threaten to make the coming season especially unhealthy in Calcutta. While, in view of this serious apprehension, special care should have been taken of the sanitation of the town, even the usual methods and appliances of cleansing it seem to have somehow got out of order. Babu Bhupendrana justly says: We have ceased to look up to the Commissioners and the Municipal Executive for a remedy; but has the Government no interests in the health of the town?''

Previous to 1900 the import duty on British-grown tea was 4d per pound. During the Boer war it was raised to 6d. This was regarded as distinctly a war tax and the London Tea Association of India and Ceylon has been trying to secure a reduction. Instead another 2d has been added, making the tax just double what it was before the South African war. Against this the Indian Tea Association emphatically protests.

But perhaps the most far-reaching grievance of all just now is the projected partition of Bengal. This is felt to be a distinct application of the old principle: divide and rule. The expressions of opposition to it have been many and continuous. Nor has condemnation of the proposal come alone from the native press of India. Again we quote from an editorial in *New India:*

''Protests and remonstrances, however just and reasonable these might be, receive such scant consideration from the present Government of India, that we are not at all encouraged to hope that Sir Henry Cotton's letter to the *Manchester Guardian,* on the proposed partition of Bengal, will have any practical influence upon the final decision of this important question. Some of the highest authorities in India have strongly opposed this scheme. The educated community in Bengal are, to a man, against the proposal. There has never been, as Sir Henry points out, such widespread and all but absolutely unanimous opposition to any official measure of the Indian Government, in recent years.

''Sir Henry points out that, though for quite different reasons, the proposal has found no favour even in Assam. 'The people of Assam are protesting from their own point of view against amalgamation. They recognize that Assam is a backward province, that they receive special encouragement from their own local administration, and that as soon as they are merged in Eastern Bengal, with its greater virility, wealth, population, and higher standard of education, they will lose the advantages they at present enjoy of preferment in the public service. They know that the claims of Assam will be lost in the pressure put upon the Government by the overwhelming influence of its new predominant partner.'''

The Indian Messenger, less given to criticism, says of Lord Curzon's administration: ''When Lord Elgin gave over the reins of his office, leaving India with her frontiers insecure, resources crippled and finances unstable, then it was indeed she needed a strong ruler. And Lord Curzon would have satisfied the need if he had been a little less active in his legislative enactments and a little more responsive to the voice of the people of India. They are, no doubt, grateful to him for the reduction of taxes both salt and income, his anxious solicitude to preserve ancient monuments, his courageous determination to put down European high-handedness, and his care to save the ryots from the oppression of money-lenders as manifested by the Punjab Land Alienation Act, and his passing the Co-Operative Societies' Bill; but side by side must ever stand his systematic attempt to suppress the people's voice in the government of their country, as unmistakably shown by the Calcutta Municipal Act, the Official Secrets Act and the Universities Act.''

Some of these same measures are discussed by an Anglo-Indian organ, the *Capital,* and *New India* points out the agreement of its view with that of the educated natives:

''He (Lord Curzon) takes pride in the fact that he has extracted an increase of 15,000,000 sterling as revenue from the life-blood of the people, and has been able to give them back a bit of it in the way of a partial remission of the salt-tax. This part remission of the salt-tax can never do any good to the people as long as the income tax and the excise duty on cotton manufactured goods remain on the Indian schedule. Lord Curzon credits his five years' administration with the gold currency reform, but that was an accomplished fact years before he ever came to this country. The land assessment is steadily going up though unwarranted by any profit of the ryots on produce. The liberty of the press has seriously been menaced by him in the passing of the Official Secrets Act. Such is the estimate of His Excellency's administration drawn by an Anglo-Indian publicist; and such also is the view of the educated Indian community.''

''An Open Letter to Lord Curzon'' concludes as follows:

''The fact is, My Lord, that what you would you could not, and what you could you would not do; and the fate of all those who try beyond their strength has overtaken you at last. By your benevolence you thought you could draw the heart of the people closer than before to your Government; by your despotism, however, you have made them discontented. Your Lordship has given a rude shock to all our old ideals of political life. Your retrograde and reactionary measures have created a profound distrust, not only of your own policy, but of the generous possibilities of British administration in India. Your Lordship has killed our faith in the idealism of British statesmanshp; and is leaving the country in a state of utter despair such as has never perhaps been known before.

''We owe it to all that we have received from England in the past, to speak thus without reserve, to Your Lordship, and to those to whom Your Lordship is responsible for the safety and progress of their Empire in India, if perchance, on your return, you may seek to undo, as far as may be, the evil that has been wrought by your misguided policy during these five years.''

WHY IS GERMANY UNPOPULAR?—Undoubtedly, observes M. Léon Pollier in *L'Européen,* diplomatic action may explain the mutual accord of the French, English and Italian *governments,* but it cannot explain the drawing together of these *peoples,* the sympathetic demonstrations in London or the enthusiasm at Rome. Why, then, was M. Loubet, in his plain civilians' costume, quite devoid of brilliancy, so well received in England and Italy? and why do all the countries of Europe and America send friendly greetings to France? and why is the statue of our old Frederick at Washington, as well as that of our great Goethe at Rome, still waiting to be unpacked? It is often said that it is the economic development of Germany which has brought her uneasy competitors, enemies. But this is not a serious explanation. The truth is that the peoples who gather about the Republic are liberally governed peoples, and they avoid Germany because they no longer find in her the modern spirit which reigns among them. People no longer understand in those countries prosecutions for the crime of *lèse-majesté,* the ill-treatment inflicted upon soldiers, the Hüssener and Arenberg affairs, the proscriptions and humiliations of the masses. They forget what Germany still has that is great and beautiful, and see in her only her aggravated militarism and the reactionary spirit that controls her government.

M. E. H.

"A Day with Hudson Maxim."

Following the plan which *St. Nicholas* has carried out for several months, the July issue will have an instructive article designed to present valuable facts in a way entertaining to both young and old. ''A Day with Hudson Maxim'' is the title of Joseph H. Adams's sketch, which will tell many interesting details of the great inventor's life and work. Hudson Maxim's residence is in Brooklyn, where a visitor finds him as much at home among his high explosives as his cook is in her kitchen. Mr. Adams tells, among other things, of being invited to lunch on Welsh rabbit cooked in a chafing-dish over a lamp filled with—not alcohol but nitroglycerin.

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

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